

Moving On

by Richard Beaubien

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Summary: Kasumi moves on to a new life after the death of her beloved husband.

Moving On

Richard Beaubien Presents...

>
A Rumiko Takahashi Spam Fic...

>
Moving On....

>
(Note: Not spell checked, Grammar Checked, or Insanity Checked.....You've

>been warned....)

>(Okay, so I'm done my X-mas break....And my gift to you is a spam-fic idea
I came up with during the break.....:)

>
(Of course I gave myself a nice Sailor Saturn Silk Screen that's a meter

>big...^O^)

>****

>It had been almost a year, and still she cried when she visited this
place. She thought she would of gotten over the pain a lot sooner, but it

>didn't go away. It was always with her, and it would always grow when ever
she revisited this place. And sometimes she would sit and cry, cry like she

>did when she first heard the news....The news of her husbands death...

>The death of Ono Tofu...

>The illness was a surprise really, for Tofu knew of all the ancient and
modern ways to treat illness and other afflictions. But as Kasumi soon

>found out that illness can strike even the most healthiest of people, and
can ignore the most trusted remedies. For reasons unknown by his

>doctors Tofu had managed to contract Lung cancer. And Tofu had tried
his best to fight it off, using all the knowledge he had to delay his

>death. But karma was against him, and on a night almost a year ago his
illness claimed him.

>
Ono Kasumi cried that night, cried almost the entire week. And ever since
>the somber Buddhist ceremony she still managed to cry when ever she
visited her husbands resting place and shrine.
>
But she wasn't crying this time, though she still felt pain for the loss.
>This time she just stood in silence as she lit a piece of incense, placing
it down next to the flowers on the shrine. And as the sweet smell reached
>her nose Kasumi managed one more tear before she turned to leave, silently
whispering gomen as she left the shrine, perhaps for the last time.
>

>
"Are you sure about this Onnechan?" Akane asked in a concerned voice as
>she finished packing the last of Kasumi's suitcases.

>"Yes I am, I need to get on with my life."

>"But why not come home, why not stay..." but Akane's questions where
stopped by a stern look from Kasumi, one Akane had never seen her use
>before.

>"I can't go home, there are too many bad memories there. Plus
father isn't exactly the most comforting person in the world though I
>still love him to death."

>"Well if you think so," a small frown crossed Akane's brow, to be quickly
be replaced by a slight smile. She hoped this masked the feeling of dread
>that she had felt, that Kasumi had changed a bit because of the death of
her husband. That she might not be ready to go out and live on
>her own, especially in a district far from her home in Nerima.

>"Don't worry I'll be fine, and with Nabiki looking over the rest of the
investments Tofu had I shouldn't run into too many money problems."
>
"Yeah, Nabiki is one of the better people to have manage your money. Still
>I find it odd that Tofu would own something like this...."

>Kasumi slightly smiled as she replied to this statement "Well Tofu was a
bit odd." The smile faded slightly as she started to remember him, and
>there plans together, the family they where going to raise. But that was in
the past and she had to live for the present. Her smile returned as she
>started to head for the door, "Ranma-kun, is the truck loaded?"

>"Hai, though that dog of yours won't get into the truck!!"

>"Just let me handle it!! Tofu-san, get into the truck" Ranma looked on in
amazement as the large white dog started to bound towards the truck,
>getting in at the command of Kasumi. "You just have to know how to handle
him."
>
"Sure, anyway we're leaving now!! See you later Akane!!!"
>
"By Akane-chan, I'll be sure to give you a call later."
>
Akane waved goodbye from the front door of the house as she

watched the
>truck drive away, feeling that she was waving good bye to the
older
sister that she used to know. "Good luck Onnechan, good
luck"
>
After a few minutes of driving Ranma turned to look at Kasumi
and
>finally decided to ask the question that was bugging him since the
move.
"So are you sure it's okay for you to do this? Are you sure
Tendo-san
>won't be mad at you?"

>"Why would he, he's got you to look after him and run the dojo."

>"But he may be worried about you, after all he only cares."

>"I know, but it's time I did something for myself." A small wistful
sigh
came from Kasumi as she laid back into the seat. Ranma just
looked over at
>her and smiled.

>"Yeah, you owe that to your self. And we owe that to you...". And
with
that Ranma pulled the truck onto the freeway and started to
drive towards
>Kasumi's future.

>****

>"Are you sure this is the place?"

>"Hai, this is the address that I was given."

>"What a rundown little dump," Ranma mumbled to himself as he
unloaded the
truck.
>
"Well, it does need a bit of fixing up. I'm sure it's nothing I
can't
>handle."

>"Sure....Anyway what room does your stuff go into?"

>"The managers room Ranma-kun!!"

>"Okay, here I go!!!" Ranma yelled as he picked up the couch with one
hand,
still showing the slight streak of macho pride he still had.
Kasumi
>couldn't help but smile at this, Ranma had changed a lot but he
still kept
some of his old, less desirable habits.
>
"That's it!!! I Really am Leaving this time!!!" a voice Kasumi
didn't
>recognize yelled, interrupting Kasumi's train of thoughts.

>"He's actually going to do it this time..."

>"Nahh, I think he's just bluffing..."

>"A poor pathetic man....Blaming his Ronin status on others..."

>"It's because of you of that I'm failing all of my entrance exam's.
If
you'd just stop have drinking parties in my room or peeping on
me!!!"
>
Kasumi frowned as she listened to the argument, wondering what
caused it
>in the first place. But then that really didn't matter, for she had
to
stop it no matter who ended up starting it in the first place.
After all
>having tenants argue was no way to run a boarding house.

>With that in mind she slowly entered the house and walked upstairs
to see
the source of the argument. What she saw was a young man
arguing with an
>middle age woman, a middle age man, and a young woman in less than
decent
lingerie. She suddenly cleared her throat causing the
debate to stop,

>and waited until all eyes where on her before she started to
talk.
"Excuse me, but I'm the new manager here and I was wondering
what was
>going on here?"

>"Ah...The new manager. Well forgive us for not throwing you a
proper
party but we where to preoccupied with this young man here
who seems to
>want to leave us...."

>"YOTSUYA-SAN!!!" The young man yelled as he placed a hand over the
older
man's mouth. The two of them started to whisper for awhile
before Kasumi
>finally heard the word's beef bowl mentioned and saw Yotsuya's lips
curve
into a smile.
>
"Err, am I interrupting?"
>
"No, no your not...ah..."
>
"Kasumi, Ono Kasumi" Kasumi replied answering the young man's
question
>before he could ask it. Her lip's took on a slight smile as the
people
around her (besides the young man) all began to look at her
with a
>questioning gaze.

>"Well that's a nice name, Kasumi-san!!! My name's Yusaku, Godai
Yusaku.
And allow me to be the first to welcome you to Maison
Ikkoku Manager...."
>
(A Beginning?)
>

>
Hmm...All of this started because of a slight debate me and a
couple of
>friends had while watching some Raw Ranma 12 episodes (we where
playing
>magic too at the time...:P). Essentially we started looking at how
most Ranma
1/2 characters seem to be combinations of the Urusei
Yatsura characters.
>Though I didn't mention it at the time, I thought Kasumi seemed to
be like
a more naive Kyoko Ohtashni (from MI). And I thought
Kasumi would become
>a l;lot like Kyoko in the manga if she was put through a trauma she
couldn't
just ignore....So thus the idea came and I decided it
would make a great
>spam fic....

>Hope you enjoyed it...

>

End
file.